http://sycophantastic.livejournal.com/38866.html?thread=192978#t192978

He presses kisses to Dean's spine and trails fingers over skin, simply exploring what's now his. It's best like this: Dean still sleepy in the morning light and completely comfortable under Castiel's touch.

Castiel traces angelic patterns on Dean's back and helps him roll over when he reaches Dean's hips over the course of his exploration. There a new expanse of skin opens up to him, and he listens to Dean's amused chuckle as he licks a stripe across Dean's stomach.

"I'm not for breakfast," Dean says, putting a hand in Castiel's hair.

Castiel lets himself be guided down, and licks Dean's tip. He doesn't reply, and doesn't need to, not when Dean moans next and not when he's taking Dean in, sucking gently. It's still a little awkward, but he's getting used to sex in general, and fortunately for the both of them it's a lot easier than his adjustment period to Dean. The only threat of death here is the little death, and Castiel is happy to carry through on that threat as often as Dean wants him to.

Castiel flicks his eyes open and up to watch Dean as he sucks on him, and yes: he likes Dean's eyes darkened with lust, he likes the flush in Dean's cheeks, he likes how ruffled Dean's hair is, and most of all he loves that it's Dean there looking so unguarded.

He lifts his head long enough to lick his lips and breathe over Dean, and takes him in once more, faster this time, less patient - *there*, he's done it right and Dean is coming hot and fast.

"Good?" Castiel asks a little later, when he's resting on Dean's chest.

"Good," Dean says as he traces Castiel's cheek. "Real good, Cas."